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Alice's Adventures IN THE NEW Wonderland

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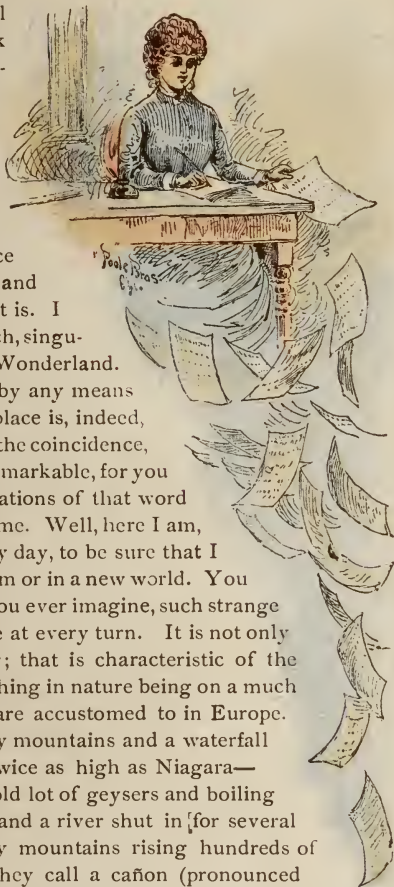


Boole Bros.
Chicago.

The Yellowstone NATIONAL PARK

MY DEAREST EDITH:

When Mr. Carroll wrote that funny book about one of my childish dreams, I little thought the time would ever come when I should sit down to describe scenes and incidents in my actual experience every bit as strange and bewildering. Yet, so it is. I am here in a place which, singularly enough, they call Wonderland. Not that that title is by any means inappropriate, for the place is, indeed, a land of wonders; but the coincidence, at least, is somewhat remarkable, for you know what the associations of that word "Wonderland" are to me. Well, here I am, rubbing my eyes every day, to be sure that I am not either in a dream or in a new world. You never saw, nor could you ever imagine, such strange sights as greet us here at every turn. It is not only that everything is big; that is characteristic of the whole country, everything in nature being on a much larger scale than we are accustomed to in Europe. But besides the Rocky mountains and a waterfall—and a big one too, twice as high as Niagara—there is the grandest old lot of geysers and boiling springs in the world, and a river shut in for several miles of its course by mountains rising hundreds of feet above it, what they call a cañon (pronounced canyon), the walls of which are of such glowing colors that papa said he could compare it to nothing but the most gorgeous sunset he had ever seen. Then, what with the action of fire and water, the appearance of the earth itself is very curious; but I suppose that, as it will be two months at least before we get home, I had better give you a more detailed account of our journey since I wrote you from Chicago. We left that city in the evening for St. Paul, where we arrived the following afternoon. We found St. Paul such a beautiful city. It is built for the most part on the side of a hill overlooking the Mississippi river. It is the capital of the State of Minnesota and contains many fine buildings. Within twenty minutes' ride by train, there is another large city, named Minneapolis, where there are the biggest corn mills, as we should call them, in the world. They call them flouring mills, for, as you probably know, the word corn is not applied in this country to different kinds of grain, as it is in England, but only to what we call maize or Indian corn. When they





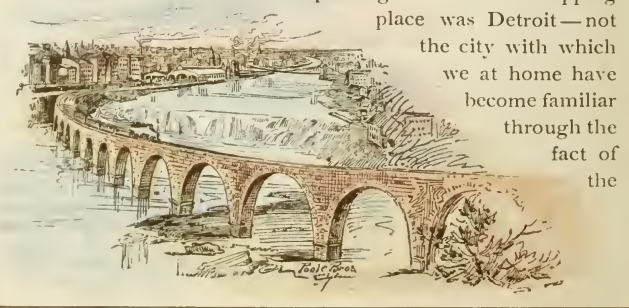
mean wheat,
they say wheat;
so a mill for making
flour is a flouring mill.

These mills, when running at their full capacity, make 30,000 barrels of flour a day, a quantity, Tom said, that would supply a city of 45,000 inhabitants with bread for a whole year. They do not use steam, but water power from the Falls of St. Anthony. Do you remember our having "Hiawatha" for dictation at school? Of course you do, and you cannot have forgotten how dear old Miss Pickford used to trip up on those Indian names. Close by St. Paul are the Falls of Minnehaha. I used to think Minnehaha was the Indian name for Niagara, but here, a thousand miles away from Niagara, are the very falls immortalized in Longfellow's poem. They, at any rate, are not very big, and their chief interest is a sentimental one. I am glad I visited them, and in years to come, and in a far-off land, I shall doubtless often hear them

"Calling to me from a distance."

After spending a couple of days in these two beautiful cities, we started west on the Northern Pacific Railway—or, more strictly, "Railroad"—about which you read so much in the newspapers, when the last spike was driven, a year or so ago. This railway is the only one by which you can reach the National Park, unless you are prepared to face the discomforts of one hundred miles of staging. And, lest I should forget, let me say here that it is a superb line in every respect. You have all the comforts of the best hotel life on its trains; the cars run so smoothly and noiselessly that often you are not sure whether the train is in motion or not, and the conductors—well-bred and educated gentlemen—do everything in their power to promote the comfort and enjoyment of passengers. Our next stopping

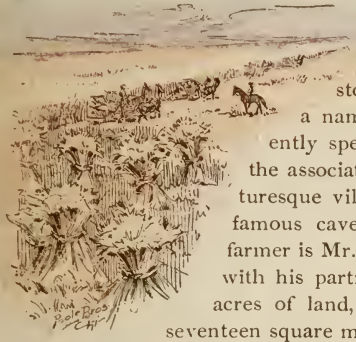
place was Detroit—not
the city with which
we at home have
become familiar
through the
fact of
the



Pullman Car Works having formerly been situated there, but a beautiful watering-place in the western part of Minnesota. I don't know when I was so charmed with a place as I was with that little city. I ought to tell you that this State contains about 10,000 lakes; and when I add that one-half of the State is covered with forests, you can imagine the appearance of what is called the "Lake Park Region." Detroit is within a few minutes' walk of one of the most beautiful of these lakes, and one of the largest, for its shore line is thirty-seven miles long, for the most part well wooded and with a lovely pebbly beach. Countless lakelets dot the landscape as far as the eye can reach, and as for beautiful walks and drives, there are almost as many as there are around Leamington, and that is saying a great deal. Then the air, without being too strong, is very pure and exhilarating, and we met several persons who had derived extraordinary benefit from it. Game and fish are very plentiful, and papa and Tom never went either shooting or fishing



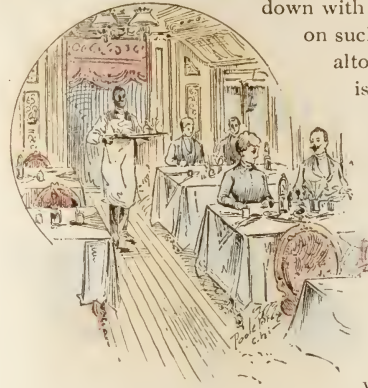
that they did not return literally weighed down. We stayed at Detroit as long as our time would permit and all left it with many regrets that we could not stay longer. The next thing of interest on our programme was what are called the bonanza wheat farms of Dakota. Papa and Tom were looking forward to them with great interest, but I must confess I did not work myself up into any condition of feverish excitement, for I supposed one wheat field was like another. I am glad I did not, for while I could not have been disappointed, however high my expectations had been, I had, as it was, the additional zest which surprise gives to pleasure. Imagine yourself, if you can, so placed that, looking around in every direction as far as the eye can reach, you see nothing but one vast plain waving with golden grain. You may think this a pretty tall story, and put it down as an American definition of a good-sized wheat field, but believe me it is every word true. The land is almost as level as a table, and excepting so far as the view is broken by the railway, the farm buildings and what few trees there are, and they are very small, it is one clear sweep of golden grain. Such a sight I never saw before. Nothing in the Lincolnshire fens, or that I ever saw on the Continent, would compare with it. I thought Waterloo a great harvest field, but it is nothing to this, for on the Brussels side it is shut in by the Forest of Soignies, and it is only in the direction in which the lion so defiantly rears its head that there is any extensive sweep of



level, grain-yielding country.

The place at which we stopped is called Casselton, a name which, though differently spelled, carried me back by the association of sound to the picturesque village in the Peak and its famous caves. The great bonanza farmer is Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, who, with his partners, owns some 75,000 acres of land, over one hundred and seventeen square miles! They told us that,

in comparison with some of the cattle ranches of the West, it was not any extraordinary area; but it is at any rate the largest wheat farm in the world, and it is something to have seen that. Mr. Dalrymple was at home, and, as harvesting was to begin the following day, he invited us to come again and see it. So we went back as far as Fargo, the largest and best town in Dakota, which we had passed in the morning. Papa was surprised to find such a place as Fargo out here. It is on the Red River of the North. That is not a very lordly stream, as it flows lazily along, through that great plain, away to the north. We called on the Mayor, who received us very cordially and gave us a most interesting account of the wonderful growth of the city. It is quite a busy place, with telephones, the electric light, and I don't know what else in the way of modern conveniences. One of the railway officials told us that the day we were there there were five hundred and eighty-four freight cars, as they call them, in the sidings at the station, all to be sent East with the produce of the surrounding country. You should just have seen the *menu* at the hotel at dinner. There was scarcely anything on it to which one was accustomed. Tomato soup and fish chowder, the latter a sort of fish stew—O, so delicious; then came baked pickerel and black bass, neither of which I ever heard of before, and which I ought to tell you are varieties of fish, peculiar, I suppose, to North American waters. Then what do you think I had? You could not guess in a hundred guesses. Nothing less than bear—roast saddle of black bear! I cannot say that I particularly enjoyed it. It was like an exceedingly rich, fatty and somewhat coarse mutton. Then there were loin of buffalo, venison, various wild fowl, finishing up with pie, of which squash, pumpkin and cranberry seemed strangest to our party. After reading about Aunt Fortune's pumpkin pies in the "Wide, Wide World," I had a great desire to know what pumpkin pie was like, and I thought it must be something uncommonly good, but I must say I was disappointed. In the evening we paid a visit to Moorhead, a town on the opposite side of the river, with which we were much pleased. We left Fargo, as I have already stated, next morning, and went on to Casselton, arriving there just after the reaping machines had got to work. And what a sight it was! There were two hundred and twenty reaping machines moving across the plain, and they not only cut down the grain but tied it up in bundles. If the grain had to be cut



down with the sickle, wheat farming on such a scale as this would be altogether impossible. As it is, there are something like a thousand men employed on the farm at this time. After leaving Casselton we traveled for several hours through little else than wheat fields, and I can certainly understand now why the Northwest is called the granary of the world and why Minneapolis has its

great flouring mills, and Duluth, of which we heard so much, its mammoth elevators. We passed several very pretty towns along the line, among which I remember well Valley City and Jamestown.

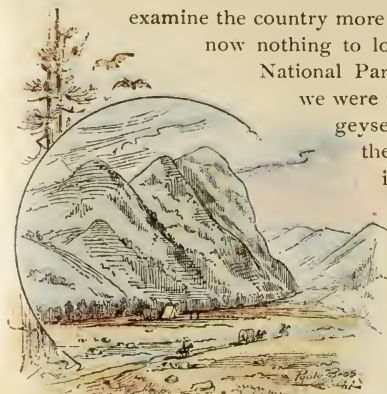
Charles Russell's well-known song,

"To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,"

had been much in my mind for several days as we were nearing the Missouri river, and a "mighty Missouri" it is, indeed. We came upon it in the morning, just after passing Bismarck, the capital of Dakota. Would you be surprised to learn that up here in the far Northwest, 3,000 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, into which, as the great Missouri-Mississippi, its waters empty themselves, the river is over half-a-mile in breadth, or more than the width of the Thames at London bridge? Yet so it is. They call it the "Big Muddy." It has a very swift current, which carries down with it an immense quantity of sand, and it presents a very different appearance from the Mississippi as we saw it at St. Paul. We were talking about it that afternoon to a gentleman in the dining car, and he would have it that it is the Mississippi that runs into the Missouri, not the Missouri into the Mississippi. By the way, our dining car friend, who proved to be the Hon. ———, a member of Congress from Ohio, would not believe we were English, because we had some little regard for what was due to the letter *h*. I don't know whether it is because they have read Dickens so much, or because most of the emigrants from England are of the lower orders and not well educated, but here they seem to think that all the English people drop their *h*'s where they ought to aspirate them and aspirate them where they should be silent. Once west of the Missouri, the wonders begin. We had read a tourist book called the "Wonderland of the World," descriptive of the Northwest as seen from the Northern Pacific Railroad, but we had no idea what strange and truly wonderful sights were in store for us. Just as the sun was going down we entered that marvelous region. Pyramid Park, popularly known as the Bad Lands. If the most gifted writers acknowledge the impossibility of conveying an adequate idea of the extraordinary appearance of the country when describing it in detail, how can I expect to do

it in the few lines that I can devote to it? That it is worth coming all the way from England to see is saying very little. The easiest way to describe anything is to compare it to something else and then you can say how far it surpasses and in what respect it falls short of what you are comparing it with. But when there is nothing else like it in the world, what are you to do? Well, the country owes its singular appearance to the combined action of fire and water, which have united to produce the most fantastic forms and startling contrasts of color that the most disordered imagination could conceive. I should think there is more outline to the square mile than anywhere else in the world, and the mounds, and domes, and pyramids, and towers, and spires would constitute it a perfect Wonderland if even the whole were characterized by the dulllest monotone of color. So also would the marvelous colors, if the extraordinary variety of outline were absent. Judge, then, of the combined effect. I felt, as I have felt since, here in the Park, that, as in real life truth is stranger than fiction, so, in nature, neither any childish dream of fairy-land nor any conception of the genius of a Doré could paint such pictures as

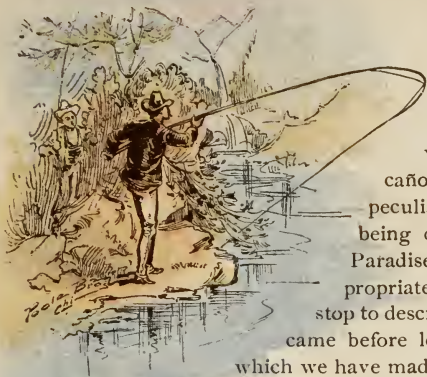
are unfolded in this true Wonderland. These pyramids, and turrets, and battlements, varying in height from a few feet to, papa judged, about three hundred feet, extend for many miles, and the surface of a single one will be black, and grey, and blue, and red, and green—not just a shade or tinge, but the most decided and, not infrequently, most brilliant of colors. The grey and blue are, I suppose, the natural colors of the clay, the black is coal, the green the short grass of the country, and the red the lovely terra-cotta into which the burning of the coal has turned the clay. If there were no signs of activity, the scene would be weird and awful enough. If all were cold and lead, and the power by which it was produced mere matter of speculation, I, at least, who never had much patience with scientific jargon, should be inclined to take refuge in the theory of supernatural agency, so appalling to the senses is the effect produced. But the process is still going on. Every day the burning coal is converting the grey and blue clay into the red terra cotta, under the blue sky, and with the beautiful green grass all around. You can not only see the smoke, and from that, by a well-known piece of logic, argue the existence of fire, but you can see the fire itself. Tom even lit his cigar at a hole in the rock, where the fire was going on. (I ought to have told you that we left the train at, I think the station was called Medora, that we might



examine the country more thoroughly). We had now nothing to look forward to but the National Park itself, and, although we were very anxious to see the geysers, we did not think there could be anything in store for us more wonderful than what we had already seen. How far mistaken we were I must now tell you. The greater part of the day after we left the "Bad Lands" we were traveling up the Yellowstone

Valley, a region in which we no longer saw miles of golden grain, but which is devoted to stock-raising. We saw several herds of antelopes, and a dark moving mass seen at a distance of several miles was, the conductor told us, a herd of buffaloes, consisting, probably, of many thousands. How I did wish they were nearer. My thoughts went back to Captain Mayne Reid's "Scalp Hunters," which I read when a girl. I was secretly wishing all the time that we might come upon one of those great herds which roam the plains and that we might have to stop the train. I felt a great longing for some sort of an adventure and I thought that to have the train surrounded by thousands of wild animals, which could not get at us to do us any harm, would be a decidedly thrilling episode to relate on my return to England. Mr. Buffalo, however, kept a long way off. When we came to Livingston and had to change trains, leaving the main line for the National Park branch, it seemed as though the one grand object of our journey was at last to be attained. We had, for several hours, been conscious that we were gradually gaining higher ground, and when, a few hours before reaching Livingston, we saw a lofty range of mountains covered with snow, we felt that we were indeed getting into a new world. Livingston itself is 4,450 feet above sea-level, or as high as Ben Nevis, or half as high again as Snowdon, yet it is embosomed in a beautiful valley with nothing to indicate its altitude. Our course now was southward and we were told to look out for fine scenery. The fact that we were approaching the famous Wonderland of the world was, however, of itself, sufficient to put us all on the *qui vive*. About five miles up the valley we came to the first cañon of the Yellowstone river, which is called the Gate of the Mountains. It is a grand scene; but I am mindful that I must not indulge in too much flowery language or my slender stock



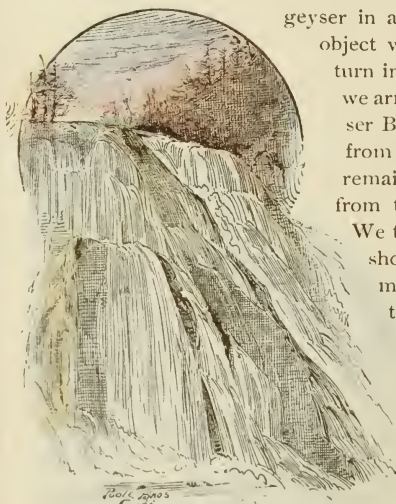


of adjectives will be exhausted before I come to the grandest part. The appearance of the valley, after we had passed the cañon, struck us as most peculiar, the mountains being of volcanic origin. Paradise Valley, most appropriately named, I cannot stop to describe at length. We came before long to this hotel, which we have made our headquarters in the Park, and which is a most surprising place in the comfort, and, I may say, luxury which it affords, in the midst of such surroundings. The hotel and the government roads and bridges are the only artificial things in the Park, everything else being in its natural condition—rude, stern and wild. The Park, let me tell you, is an extensive area *literally crowded* with natural curiosities of the most wonderful character, and it has been set apart by the government for the use of the people for all coming time. I could not but think how enlightened a policy it was that had dictated such a measure. After eating a splendid dinner, we turned out to see the wonders, some of which we found close at hand in the shape of the Mammoth Hot Springs. It was not the first time in my life that I had seen hot water issuing from the ground, but of anything of the kind on such an extensive scale as is found here I had never dreamed. It forms a perfect river of hot water; and now I am going to tell you something that you will scarcely believe. There was a gentleman fishing in the Gardiner river, where the hot water flows into it, and after catching a trout, he would, without unhooking it, swing his line over into the hot water, and in almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, the fish would be cooked and ready for the table. What do you think of that? Was there ever anything more wonderful in a child's dream than the fact of a cold river and a hot one running side by side and the angler cooking in the one stream the produce of the other. Tell me, is this not Wonderland? The hot springs have formed a series of terraces which rise one above another with almost the regularity of the steps of the Great Pyramid which we visited, you remember, last winter. These terraces cover no less than ten acres and the water issues from semi-circular basins of various sizes, the margins of which are of the most beautiful colors imaginable, with very fine fretwork, just like the loveliest lace. The day was too far gone for us to set out on any lengthened expedition, and as we were all pretty well tired we determined to take a good rest at this excellent hotel and then to start early the following morning for some of the more distant wonders of the Park. Accordingly the next morning saw us up with the lark, saving that in this wonderful region there are neither

larks nor any other song birds whatever, not a note of melody ever breaking upon the air. A drive of twelve miles brought us to the second wonder of the Wonderland, known as the Obsidian Cliffs. These are composed of glass! Not of ice, mind. They are *not glaciers*, but perpendicular cliffs of solid glass—I cannot say transparent, but yet glistening like jet, and, with here and there, streaks of color. I forget whether you have ever seen the Giant's Causeway, in the north of Ireland, but the formation of the Obsidian Cliffs is very similar to that of the Causeway being a series of vertical columns, extending nearly a quarter of a mile and of imposing height. Like many other curiosities of this wonderful place, it is of volcanic origin. We brought away with us a few fragments, which you will see when we get back.



A little more than two miles farther on we came to the Lake of the Woods, a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by a growth of dense pines. The scenery all along the road was superb, every turn of the winding path opening up new views of surpassing beauty. To the northward, the Electric Peak and the Devil's Slide (!) were, for a time, conspicuous objects. We were riding steadily along when, all at once, our attention was arrested by a sight upon which no one can look for the first time without emotion—it was a

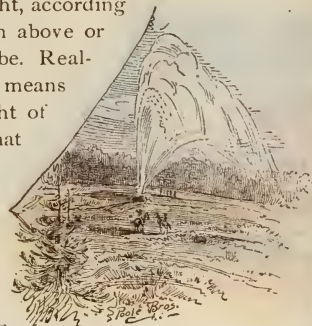


geyser in action. This wonderful object was revealed to us by a turn in the road shortly before we arrived at the Norris Geyser Basin, twenty-one miles from our hotel. Here we remained an hour, namely, from twelve to one o'clock.

We thought the time all too short, but our guide knew much better than we did the relative importance of the various points of interest, and, after we had had an opportunity of watching the eruptions of some of the more active geysers in this basin, we hurried away. They

are not the finest in the Park, but they were the first we saw, and never shall we forget the impression they made upon us. Leaving this place, we directed our course toward the Gibbon river, which flows through a grand cañon not far away, from the head of which we made a detour to some boiling mud pools, a much more interesting sight than that matter-of-fact and

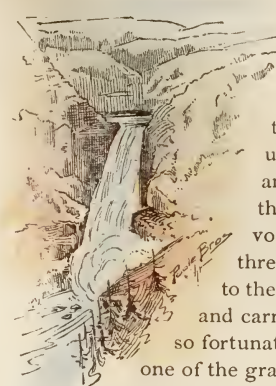
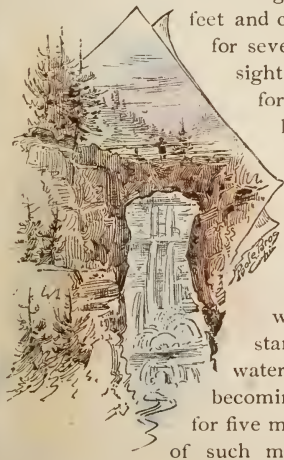
unattractive designation would lead you to expect. The cañons are another wonder of the Wonderland. Imagine, if you can, a river of considerable volume closed in by towering walls of basaltic rock rising 1,500 to 2,000 feet above it. The effect of the appalling depth or height, according to whether you view it from above or below, it is impossible to describe. Realize, if you can, what 1,500 feet means—nearly four times the height of Salisbury spire and equal to that of many well-known hills which have the dignity of mountains in our own dear little island. By the way, traveling in this country of magnificent distances has a wonderful effect in expanding



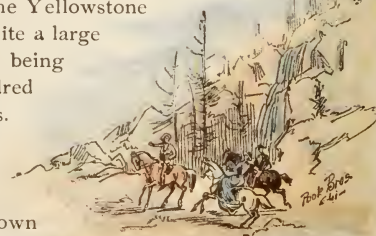
the mind. We think the journey of four hundred miles from London to Edinburgh a very long one, but here you can travel night and day for a whole week, in pretty nearly a straight line. We have not made that achievement ourselves, but we are at this present time nearly 2,500 miles from New York. To continue, a further ride of a few miles brought us to Gibbon Falls. This beautiful cataract cannot be seen from the road, but only by following a somewhat steep path down one side of the cañon, for the labor of which we were richly rewarded.

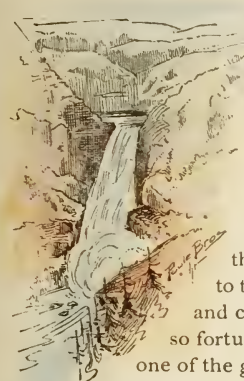
About four o'clock in the afternoon we came upon another lot of geysers, in what is known as the Lower Geyser Basin; but none of them being of special interest, we pushed on ten miles to the Upper Basin, where we remained two days, most comfortably accommodated at a new hotel. Of those two days I can but say that they were the most memorable in my whole life. There are other scenes, such as the Pyramids, Jerusalem, Venice, Rome and Niagara Falls, which will forever live in my recollection; but the experiences of those two days will overshadow them all. The most famous geysers in the world are in this basin. First comes Old Faithful, which regularly every hour sends streams of boiling water to a height of two hundred

feet and continues this tremendous energy for several minutes. It is a stupendous sight. The water rises from a cone formed by a deposit of the mineral it holds in solution. What fairy tale contains anything more wonderful than that you take your stand near a little mound of earth, from which puffs of steam are occasionally emitted, and that at a certain moment, with all the regularity and constancy imaginable, a dense column of water is suddenly shot up into the air, becoming a steady stream and continuing for five minutes? But there is not one only of such marvelous displays of mysterious



force. Their name is legion and no two are alike. So named from the resemblance of its cone to an old-fashioned straw bee-hive, the Bee-Hive Geyser sends its column of water to a height as great, and sometimes even greater, than that of Old Faithful. Although the volume of water is very great, being three feet in diameter, little, if any, falls to the ground, it being rapidly evaporated and carried away as steam. Then we were so fortunate as to see the Giantess in action—one of the grandest of them all—having an eruption only once in fourteen days. It sends up a grand column as high as two hundred and fifty feet into the air; but it does it, not with the steadiness of some of the others, but by a series of spurts, following each other in rapid succession, which, being of unequal force, produce the most magnificent fountain-like appearance. The Grand Geyser shoots forth a strong column of water to a height of two hundred feet. Its eruptions are accompanied by a tremendous rumbling, a shaking of the ground and an escape of steam which is itself a sight to be seen. For the first time I really felt afraid, during an eruption of this geyser, and it was only through my having read so much about the singular constancy, both in time and manner of eruption, of this, among other geysers, that I was able to keep down the fear that we were about to be overwhelmed by some terrible catastrophe. I must not forget to tell you that we saw four of the most important geysers in action at one time, with many smaller ones. If it is impossible to describe adequately a single eruption, how shall I convey to you an idea of the combined effect of many, for there are always smaller ones in action, to which nobody pays much special attention. But the impression of such simultaneous activity is not made upon us by sight alone, but through other avenues of sense, the rumbling of the earth, the war of the waters and the hissing of steam filling your ears, while the trembling of the earth under your feet alone inspires you with the dread of impending danger. Returning from the Upper to the Lower Geyser Basin along the road we came, we then branched off to the right to visit the Yellowstone Lake and the Falls and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone river. The lake is quite a large sheet of water, its area being no less than one hundred and fifty square miles. Were it not surrounded, as it is, by so many natural wonders, unequalled in the world, its own great extent, at such an elevation (7,788 feet), would invest it with extraordinary interest. But it is also situated amid scenery of enchanting loveliness,

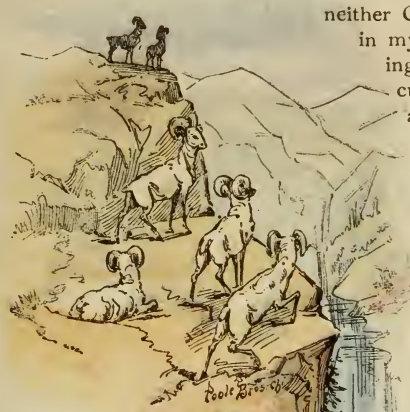
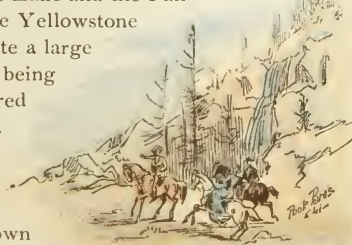




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to visit the Yellowstone Lake and the Falls and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone river. The lake is quite a large sheet of water, its area being no less than one hundred and fifty square miles. Were it not surrounded, as it is, by so many natural wonders, unequalled in the world, its own great extent, at such an elevation (7,788 feet), would invest it with extraordinary interest. But it is also situated amid scenery of enchanting loveliness,



neither Como nor Maggiore, in my opinion, approaching it. There is a very curious natural bridge, about thirty feet long, spanning a mountain stream that runs into the lake. Below the lake are the Upper and Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. The best position from which to see the Lower, or Great, Falls is an eminence called Lookout Point.

The volume of water, as it takes its terrific plunge of three hundred and fifty feet into the yawning chasm beneath, sends up a roar that could be heard, I am sure, for many miles, while there are such dense clouds of spray and mist as to completely hide the course of the river for quite a distance. But what of the chasm into which it falls? It is the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, the most sublime spectacle I ever gazed upon. Whether you regard its profound depth—so great that not a sound comes from the angry rushing waters below—or the fantastic forms and groupings of the rocks, or the gorgeous coloring of its walls, it is worthy to rank as one of the greatest natural wonders of the world. Having lingered around this fascinating spot as long as time would permit, we exchanged our wagon for horses, that we might visit other scenes of interest, without first returning to Mammoth Hot Springs. Ascending Mt. Washburn to the "divide," at an elevation of 8,867 feet, where water may be made to run either toward the Gulf of Mexico or the Pacific Ocean, we directed our course to Tower Falls, a beautiful cascade one hundred and thirty-two feet in height. On our way to Baronnet's Bridge we visited a petrified forest, the trunks of the trees being actually fossilized where they had grown! At Yancy's Hotel we once more exchanged our saddle horses for wagons, and got back here last night, after a week's absence. And, now, dear Edith, do you not think that this region is rightly named The Wonderland? The Wonderland of the World? I have, as you know, had great advantages in the way of travel, but, as I have already stated, nothing I ever saw in any other part of the world impressed me half so much as the great Northwest. It has been a new experience, an epoch in my life, and I cannot wish you a better wish than that you may soon have the good fortune to tread the mysterious soil and gaze upon the matchless scenes of this New Wonderland.

Your affectionate cousin, ALICE.

P. S.—Tell Emily Cavendish that when they arrive at San Francisco their best course will be to take steamer for Portland, Oregon, where they will get a Northern Pacific train of Pullman cars to convey them to the National Park with only one change, namely, at Livingston. That is by far the best route for them to take, and it will also give them an opportunity of seeing the magnificent scenery of the Columbia river, the Cascade mountains and the far-famed Puget Sound, which we ourselves are hoping to visit next year.

TOURS FROM ST. PAUL THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK.

| | | | |
|---------------------|----------|------------------------------|----------|
| Lv. St. Paul..... | 4.00 pm | Lv. Glendive..... | 9.00 pm |
| " Minneapolis..... | 4.45 pm | " Billings..... | 7.00 am |
| " Detroit Lake..... | 1.37 am | Ar. Livingston..... | 11.45 am |
| " Fargo..... | 3.40 am | Lv. Livingston..... | 1.30 pm |
| " Jamestown..... | 7.30 am | Ar. Cinnabar..... | 4.30 pm |
| " Bismarck..... | 11.52 am | Lv. Cinnabar..... | 5.00 pm |
| Lv. Medora..... | 5.57 pm | Ar. Mammoth Hot Springs..... | 7.00 pm |

TOUR No. 1.—THROUGH THE PARK.

| ROUTE. | TIME. | DAYS. | MIS. |
|---|-----------|------------|------|
| Leave Mammoth Hot Springs..... | 7.00 am | Monday. | |
| Arrive Norris Geyser Basin..... | 12.00 n'n | " | 18 |
| Take Dinner at Norris Geyser Basin. | | | |
| Leave Norris Geyser Basin..... | 1.30 pm | " | |
| Arrive Upper Geyser Basin..... | 6.30 pm | | 29 |
| Leave Upper Geyser Basin..... | 8.30 am | Tuesday. | |
| Arrive Yellowstone Falls..... | 6.30 pm | " | 43 |
| Remain over night at Yellowstone Falls. | | | |
| Leave Yellowstone Falls..... | 11.00 am | Wednesday. | |
| Arrive Fire Hole Basin..... | 5.30 pm | " | 33 |
| Remain over night at Fire Hole Basin. | | | |
| Leave Fire Hole Basin..... | 8.00 am | Thursday. | |
| Arrive Mammoth Hot Springs..... | 4.00 pm | " | 37 |
| Total distance..... | | | 160 |

TOUR No. 2.

| ROUTE. | TIME. | DAYS. | MIS. |
|---|-----------|------------|------|
| Leave Mammoth Hot Springs..... | 7.00 am | Monday. | |
| Arrive Upper Geyser Basin..... | 6.30 pm | " | 47 |
| Remain at Upper Geyser Basin over night. | | | |
| Leave Upper Geyser Basin..... | 10.00 am | Tuesday. | |
| Arrive Fire Hole Basin..... | 12.00 n'n | " | 10 |
| Take Dinner at Fire Hole Basin. | | | |
| Leave Fire Hole Basin..... | 1.00 pm | " | |
| Arrive Yellowstone Falls..... | 7.30 pm | " | 33 |
| Remain over night at Yellowstone Falls. | | | |
| Leave Yellowstone Falls (via Trail)..... | 12.00 n'n | Wednesday. | |
| Arrive Tower Falls (Yancy's Station)..... | 6.00 pm | " | 28 |
| Remain over night at Tower Falls (Yancy's). | | | |
| Leave Tower Falls (Yancy's Station)..... | 7.00 am | Thursday. | |
| Arrive Mammoth Hot Springs..... | 11.00 am | " | 14 |
| Total distance..... | | | 132 |

The trip given above from the Great Falls of the Yellowstone to Yancy's Station, via Mt. Washburn, can only be made on horseback at present, although from Yancy's Station to the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel there is an excellent wagon road. Parties who do not care to travel this way return by stage from that point, via Fire Hole Basin.

TOUR No. 3.

| ROUTE. | TIME. | DAYS. | MIS. |
|--|-----------|------------|------|
| Leave Mammoth Hot Springs..... | 7.00 am | Monday. | |
| Arrive Upper Geyser Basin..... | 7.30 pm | " | 47 |
| Remain over night at Upper Geyser Basin. | | | |
| Leave Upper Geyser Basin..... | 10.00 am | Tuesday. | |
| Arrive Fire Hole Basin..... | 12.00 n'n | " | 10 |
| Take Dinner at Fire Hole Basin. | | | |
| Leave Fire Hole Basin..... | 1.00 pm | " | |
| Arrive Yellowstone Falls..... | 7.30 pm | " | 33 |
| Remain over night at Yellowstone Falls. | | | |
| Leave Yellowstone Falls..... | 6.00 am | Wednesday. | |
| Arrive Mammoth Hot Springs..... | 7.30 pm | " | 42 |
| Total distance..... | | | 132 |

Parties will understand that in order to make the trip from Yellowstone Falls to Mammoth Hot Springs in one day they have to leave early in the morning and make only a short stop at Tower Falls (Yancy's Station).

TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

Parties making any of the above tours, and desiring to take in Yellowstone Lake, can do so from Yellowstone Falls, which trip usually occupies about two days, returning either via Fire Hole Basin or Tower Falls (Yancy's Station).

The trail from Yellowstone Falls to Yancy's is in good condition and the trip on horseback a very pleasant one. From Yancy's to the hotel there is an excellent wagon road. Plenty of saddle horses can be obtained at Yellowstone Falls, but for large parties it is suggested that before leaving Mammoth Hot Springs for a trip through the Park they give their order for horses, which will be sent to Yellowstone Falls (without extra charge) for their use in making the trip back to Mammoth Hot Springs.

At Norris Geyser Basin, Fire Hole Basin, Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Falls, Tower Falls and Yellowstone Lake (Yancy's Station), there will be found good accommodations. Meals will be furnished at rate of 75 cents each and reasonable prices charged for rooms.

Messrs. Wakefield & Hoffman run a line of coaches through the Park which are first-class in every respect. Their stages are new and comfortable, horses first-class, and careful and experienced drivers, who are very familiar with the Park and take pleasure in pointing out the different points of interest to tourists. Their agent is located at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, with whom parties can make their arrangements for taking the trip through the Park, either via stage line or on horseback. The route given above, with the exception of the return from Tower Falls to Hot Springs, is made by these stages regularly on the time mentioned above.

On the Express train of the Northern Pacific Railroad, leaving St. Paul daily, there is attached an elegant Dining Car running through to Portland, on which first-class meals are furnished at rate of 75 cents each.

MAP OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Compiled from different official explorations and our personal survey, 1882.

REFERENCES (Roads)
(Trails)

Proposed Railroads.
Geyser Formation

SCALE

CARL J. HALL and A. RYDSTROM.
Civil Engineers.



NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

THE WONDERLAND

Route

to the

PACIFIC

COAST

